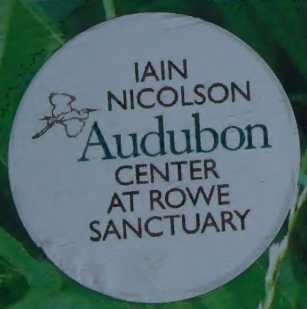
OUT WHERE THE GRASSES GROW

POEMS

AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARYL McHARNEY



OUT WHERE THE GRASSES GROW

written and illustrated by
Caryl McHarney

out where the grasses grow
out where the waters flow
out where the breezes blow
out in the rain and snow
out beneath sunny skies
that's where our spirits rise
out where the grasses grow

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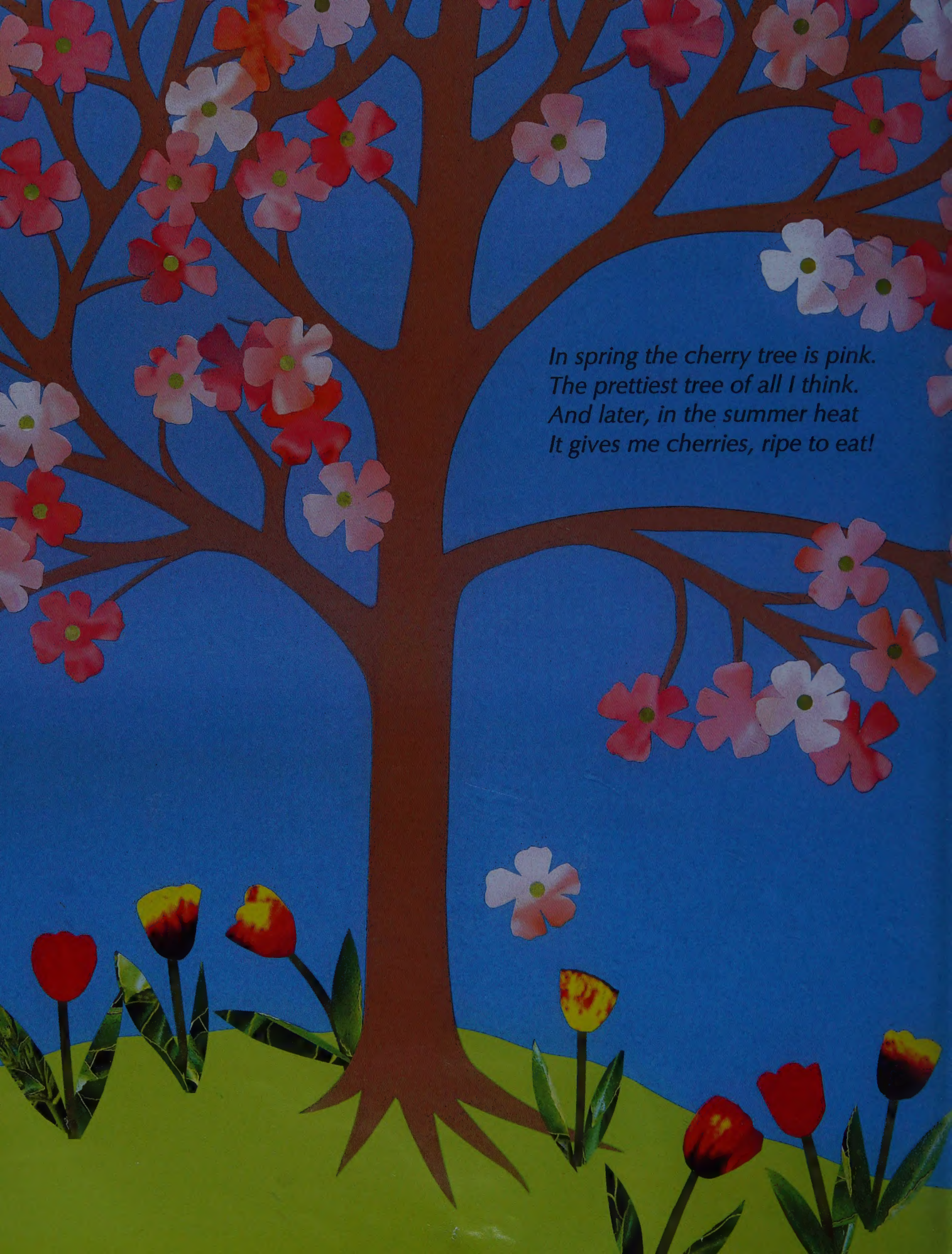
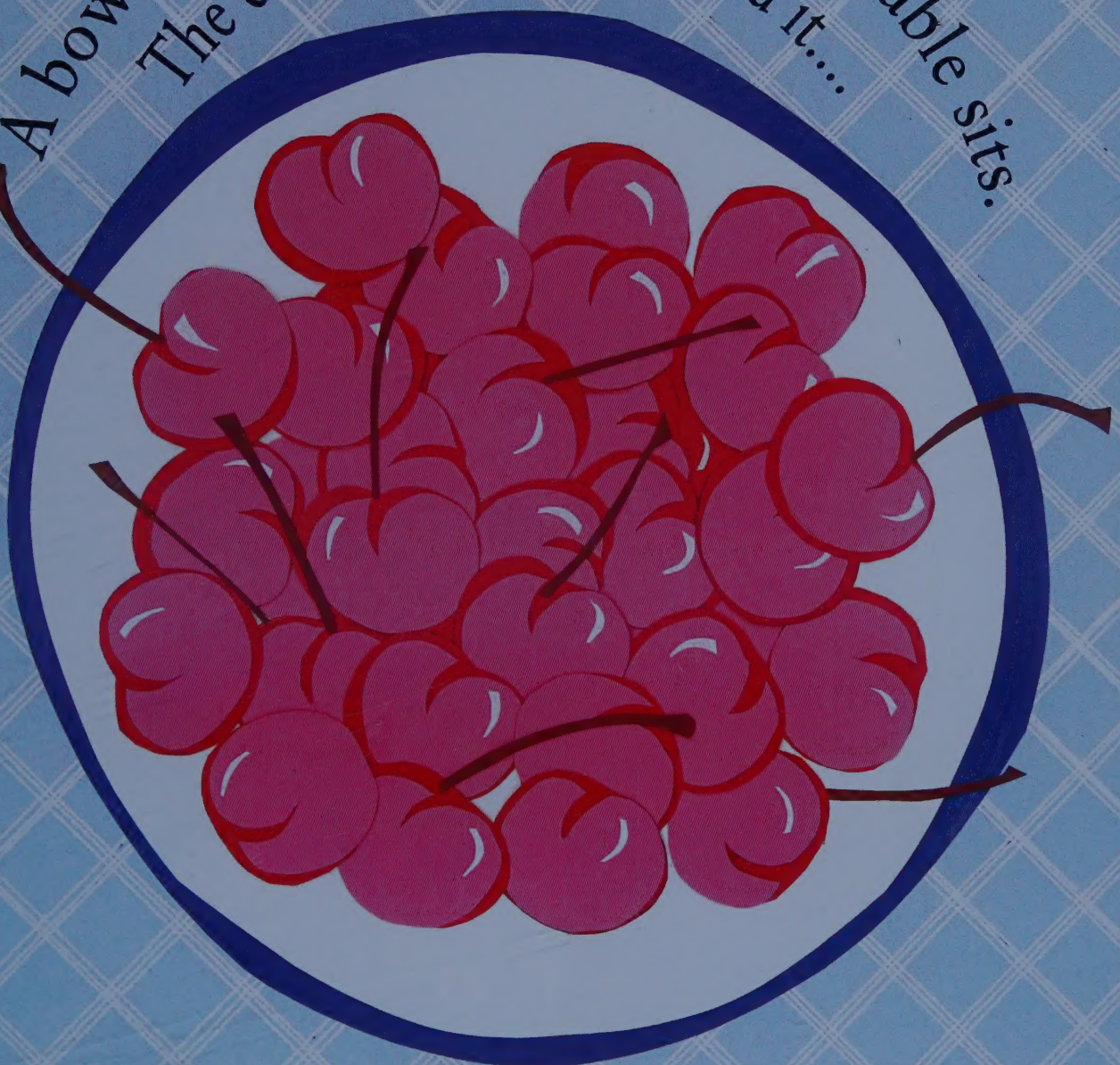
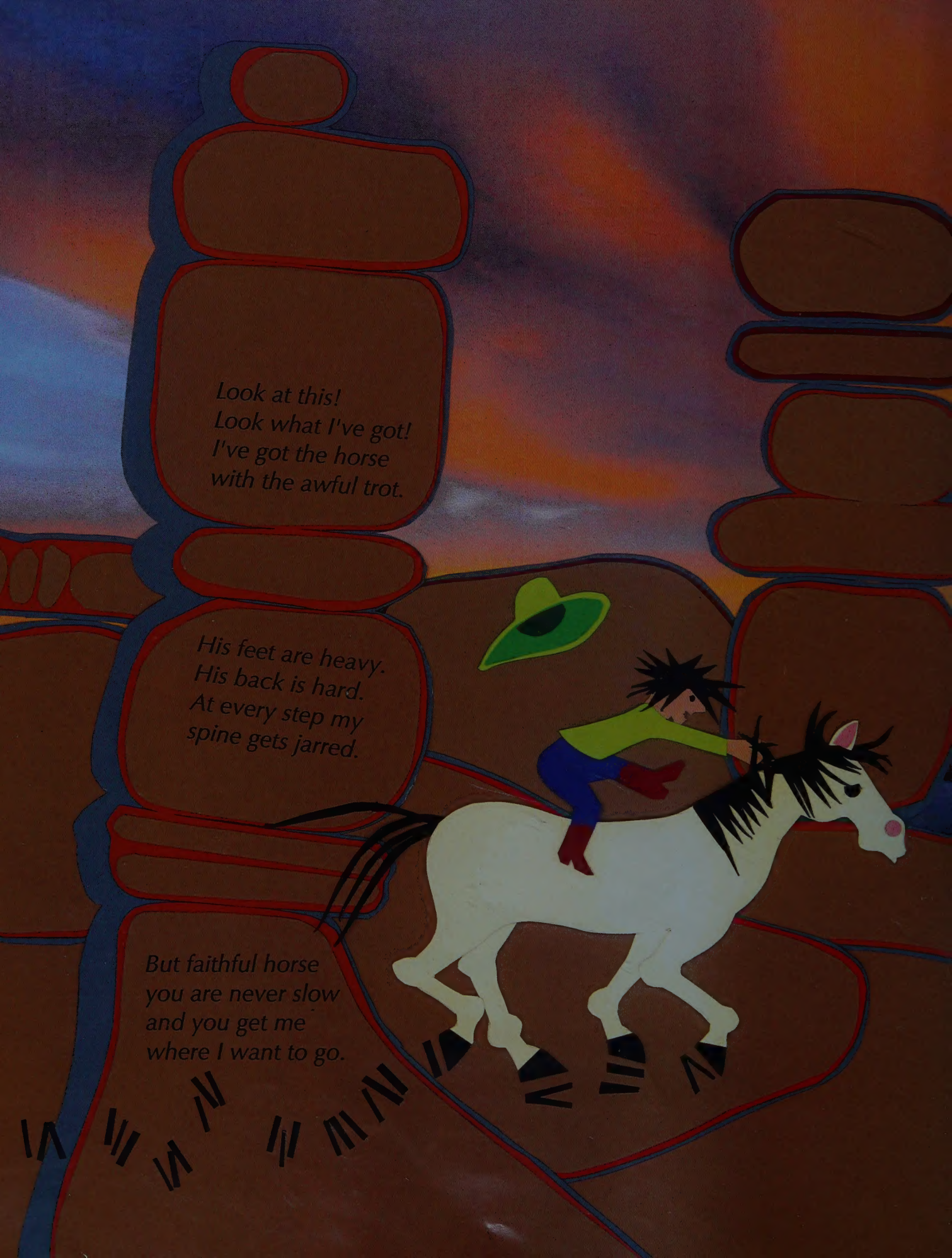
Bee that lives
in the meadow hive
I'd like to be of
service but
Buzz! Fly away!
Flit!
'cause when you
sit on my nose
you make me
nervous!


In spring the cherry tree is pink.
The prettiest tree of all I think.
And later, in the summer heat
It gives me cherries, ripe to eat!

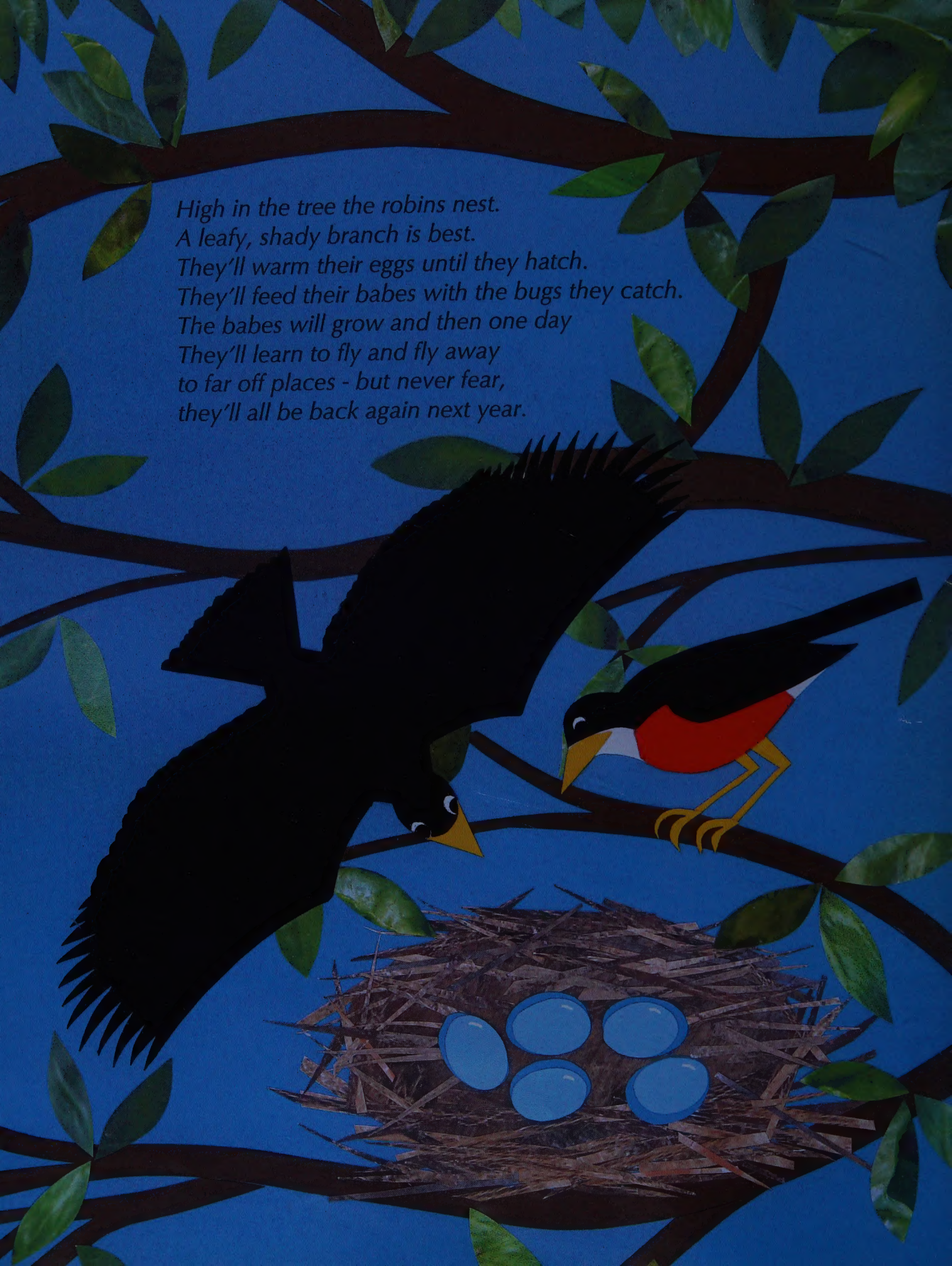
A bowl of juicy cherries upon the table sits.
The children swarm around it....

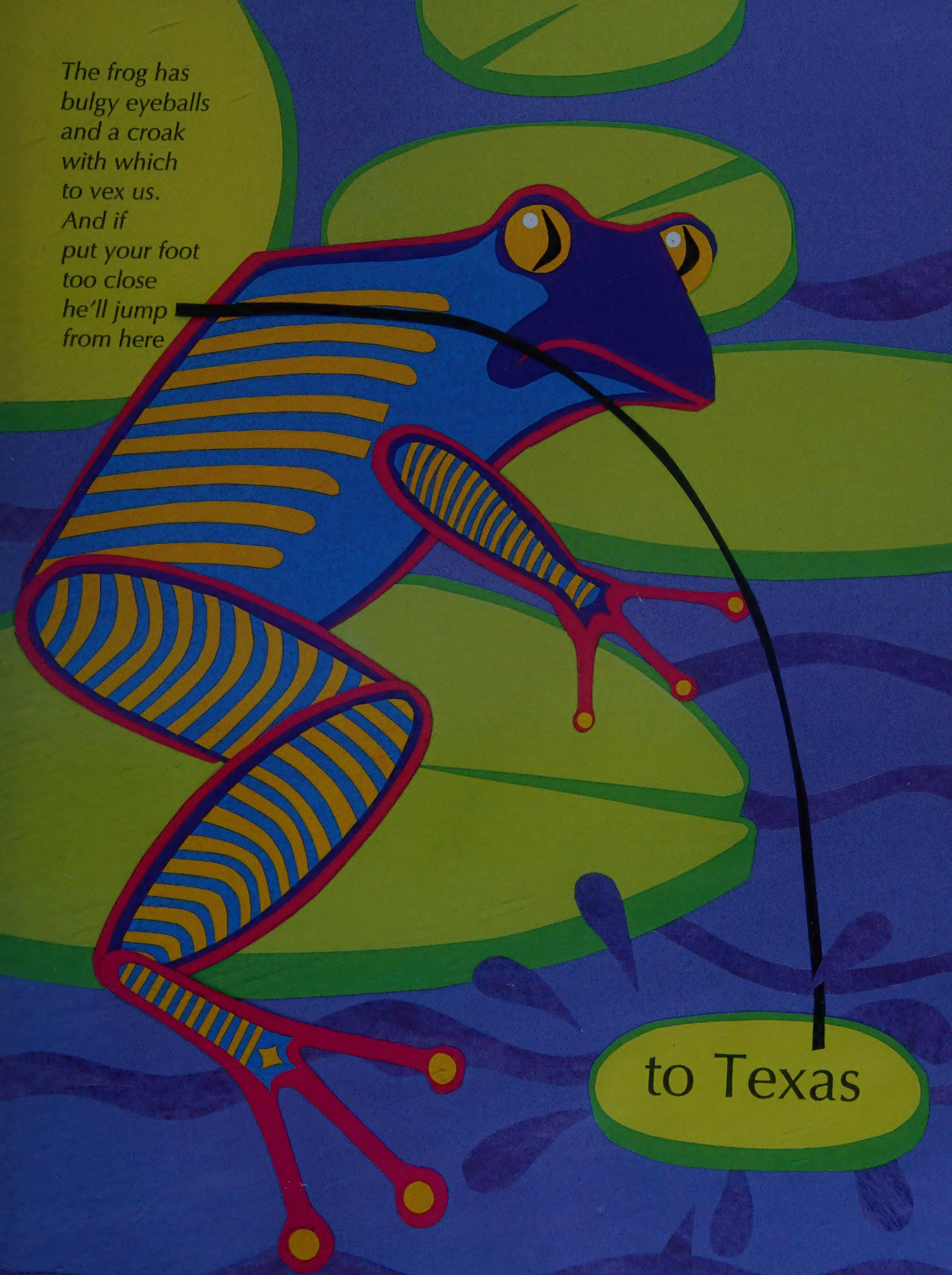


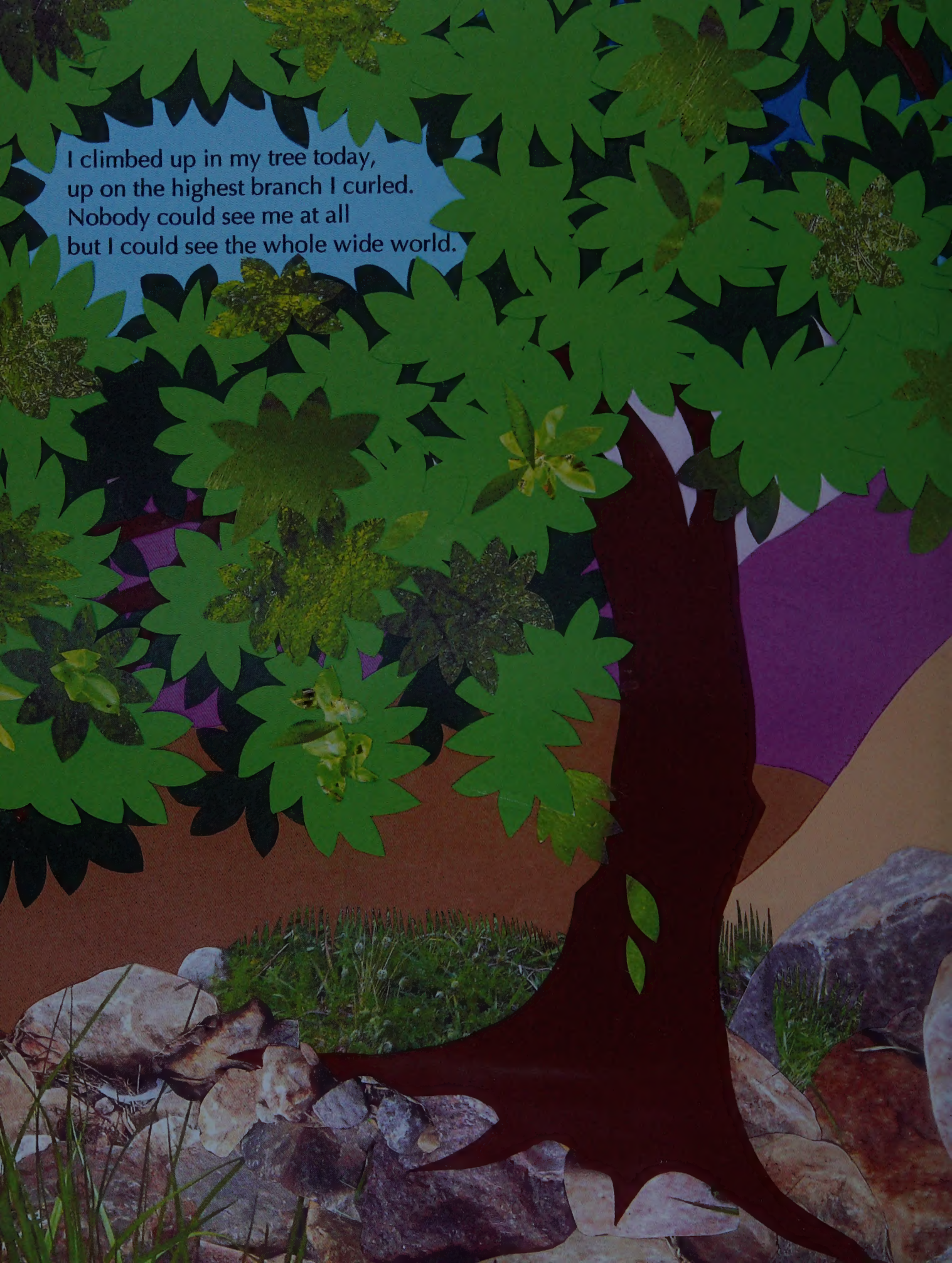
.....pits.

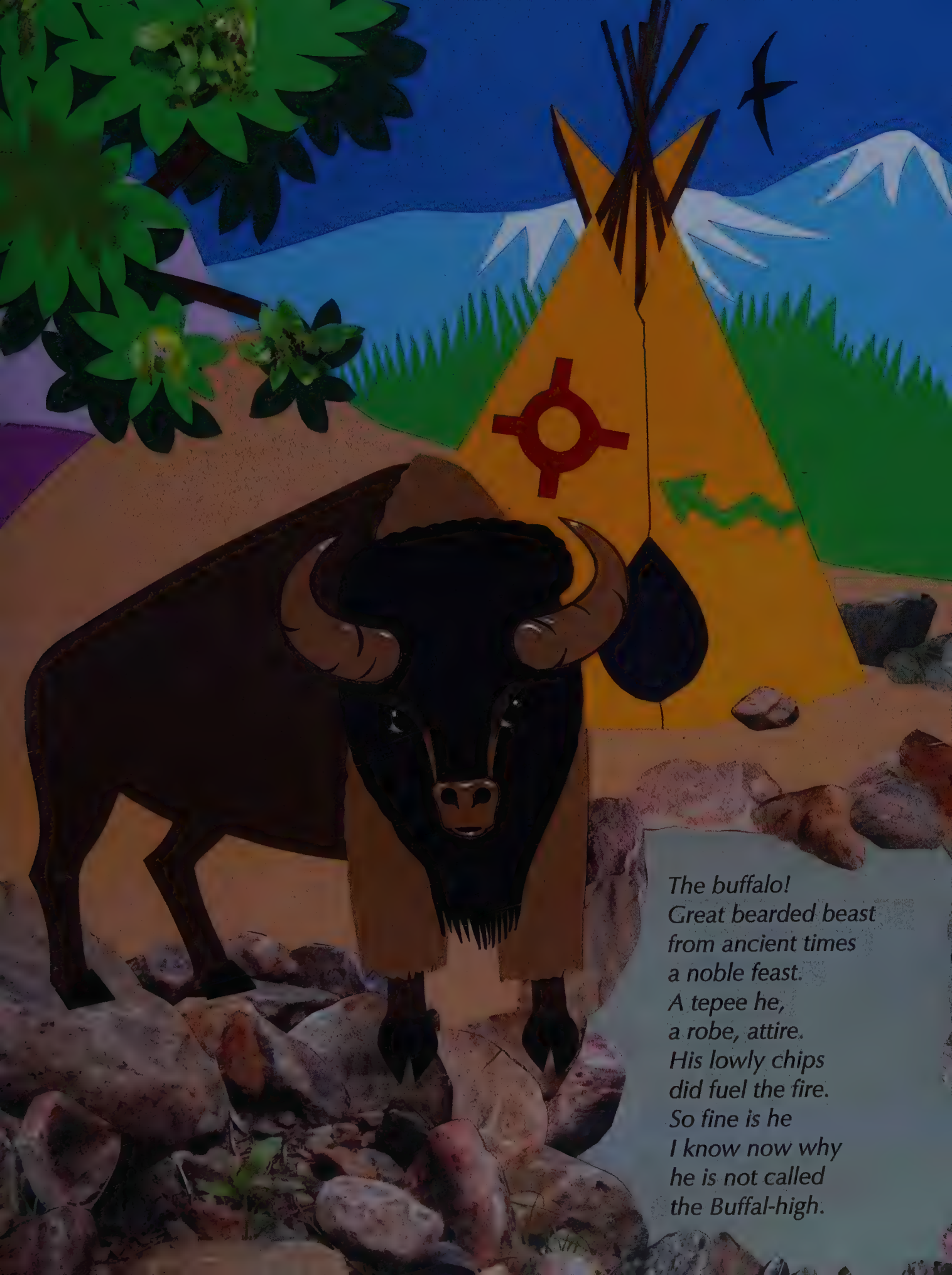

Look at this!
Look what I've got!
I've got the horse
with the awful trot.
His feet are heavy.
His back is hard.
At every step my
spine gets jarred.
But faithful horse
you are never slow
and you get me
where I want to go.

Cows are cows.
They're born that way
and stay cows
'til they die.
And pigs stay pigs
and Lady Bugs
stay Lady Bugs
so why.....
does the little
fuzzy caterpillar
become a butterfly?

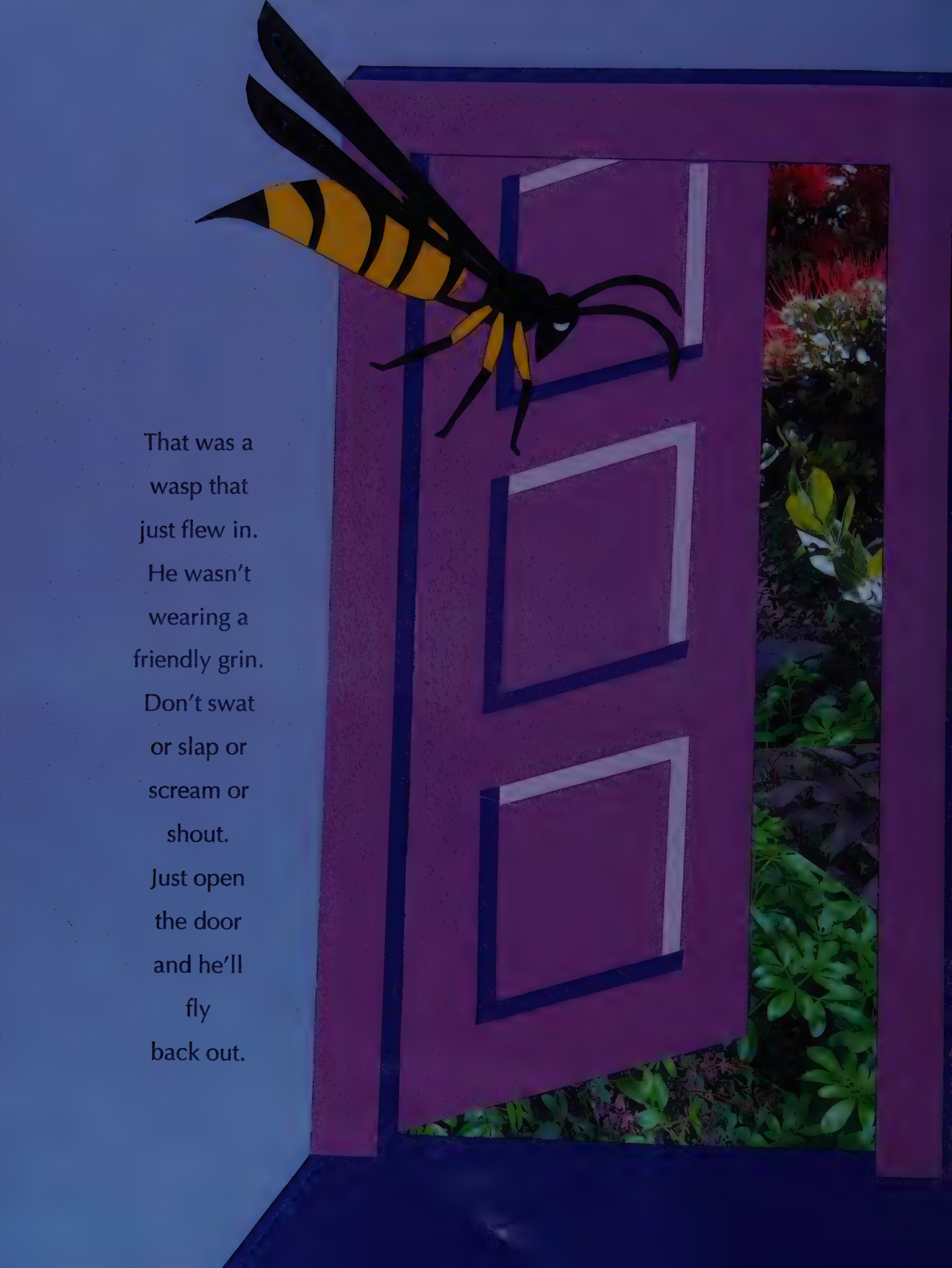

High in the tree the robins nest.
A leafy, shady branch is best.
They'll warm their eggs until they hatch.
They'll feed their babes with the bugs they catch.
The babes will grow and then one day
They'll learn to fly and fly away
to far off places - but never fear,
they'll all be back again next year.


The frog has
bulgy eyeballs
and a croak
with which
to vex us.
And if
put your foot
too close
he'll jump
from here
to Texas


I climbed up in my tree today,
up on the highest branch I curled.
Nobody could see me at all
but I could see the whole wide world.



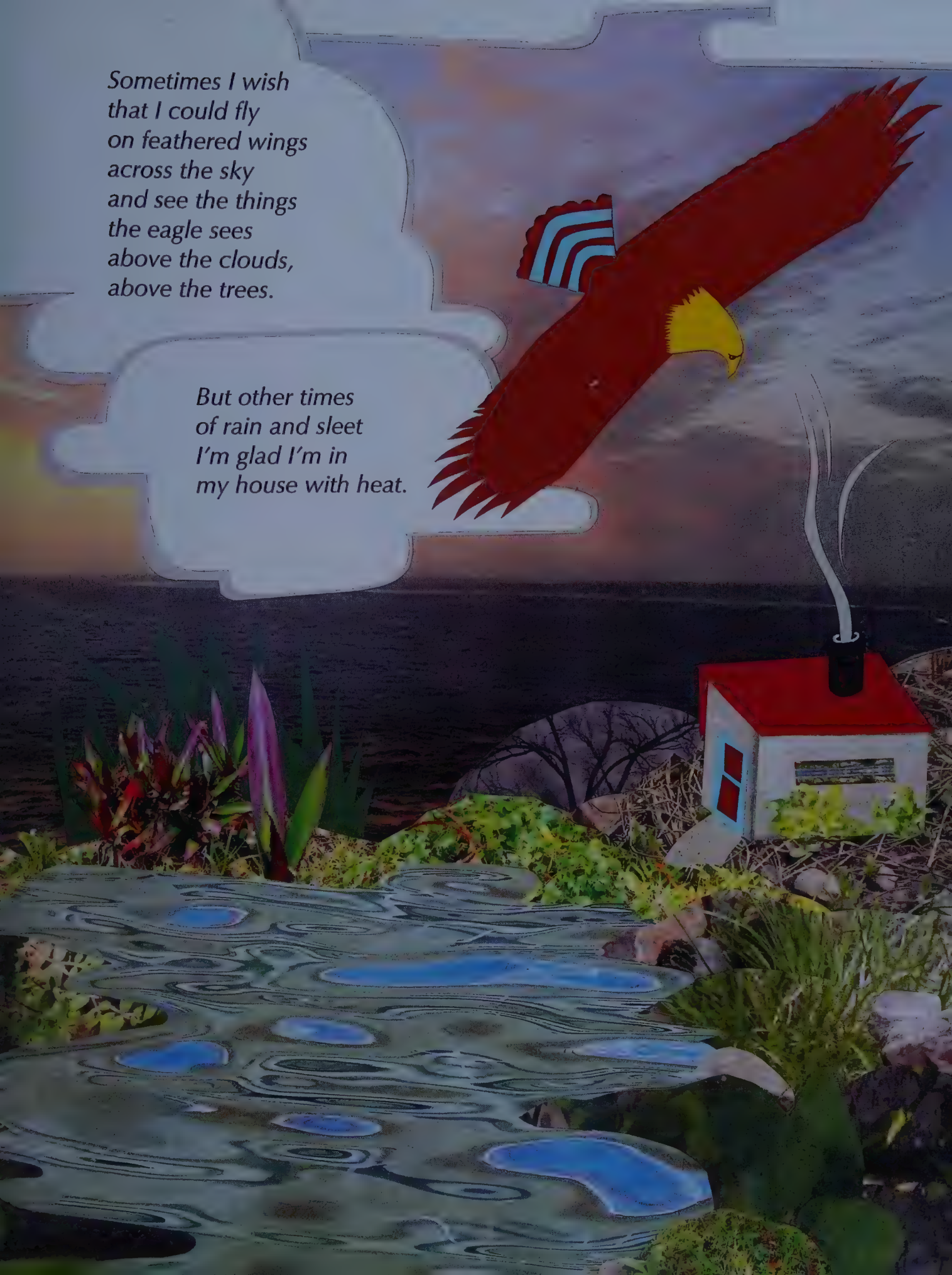
The buffalo!
Great bearded beast
from ancient times
a noble feast.
A tepee he,
a robe, attire.
His lowly chips
did fuel the fire.
So fine is he
I know now why
he is not called
the Buffal-high.

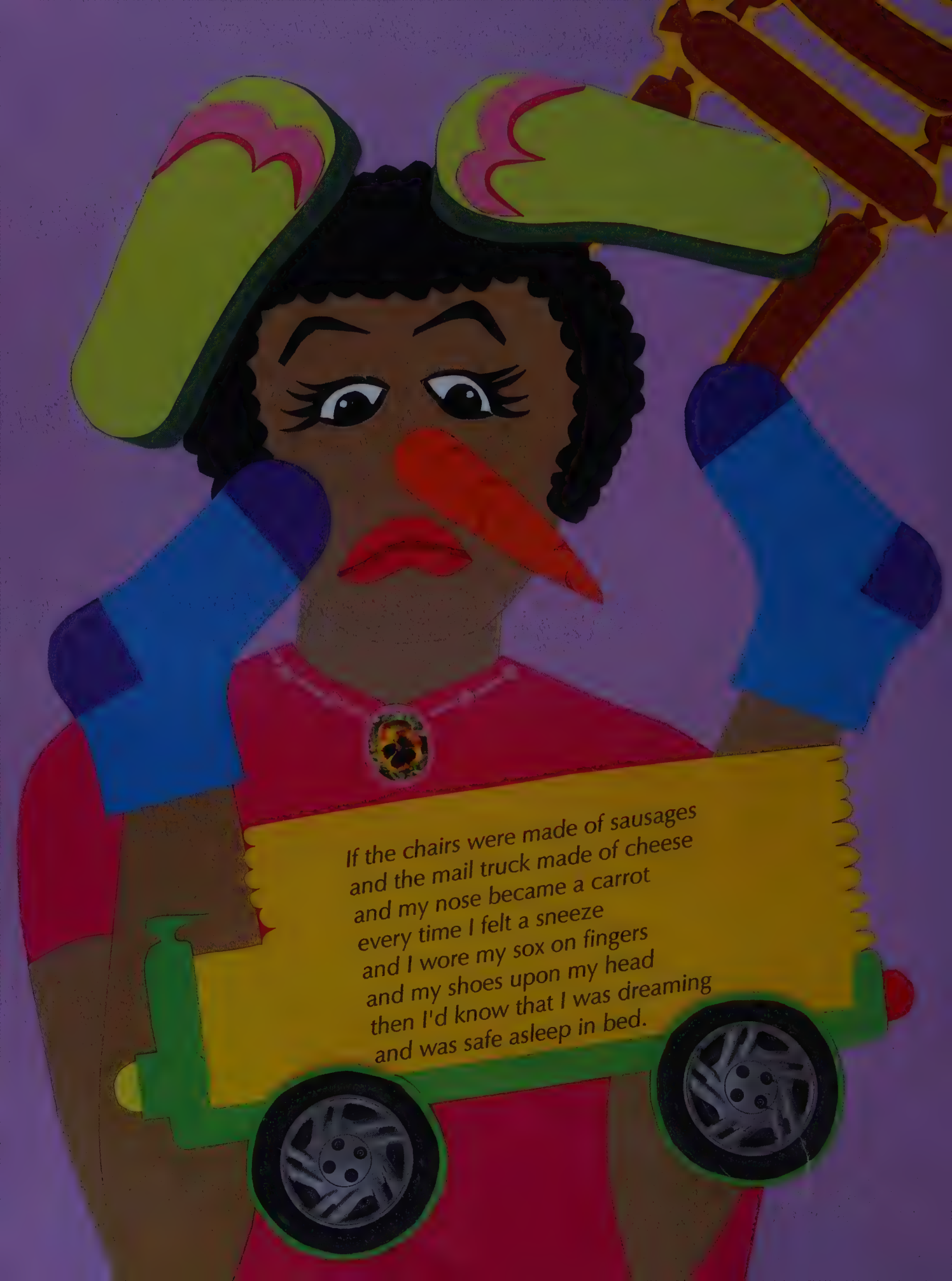


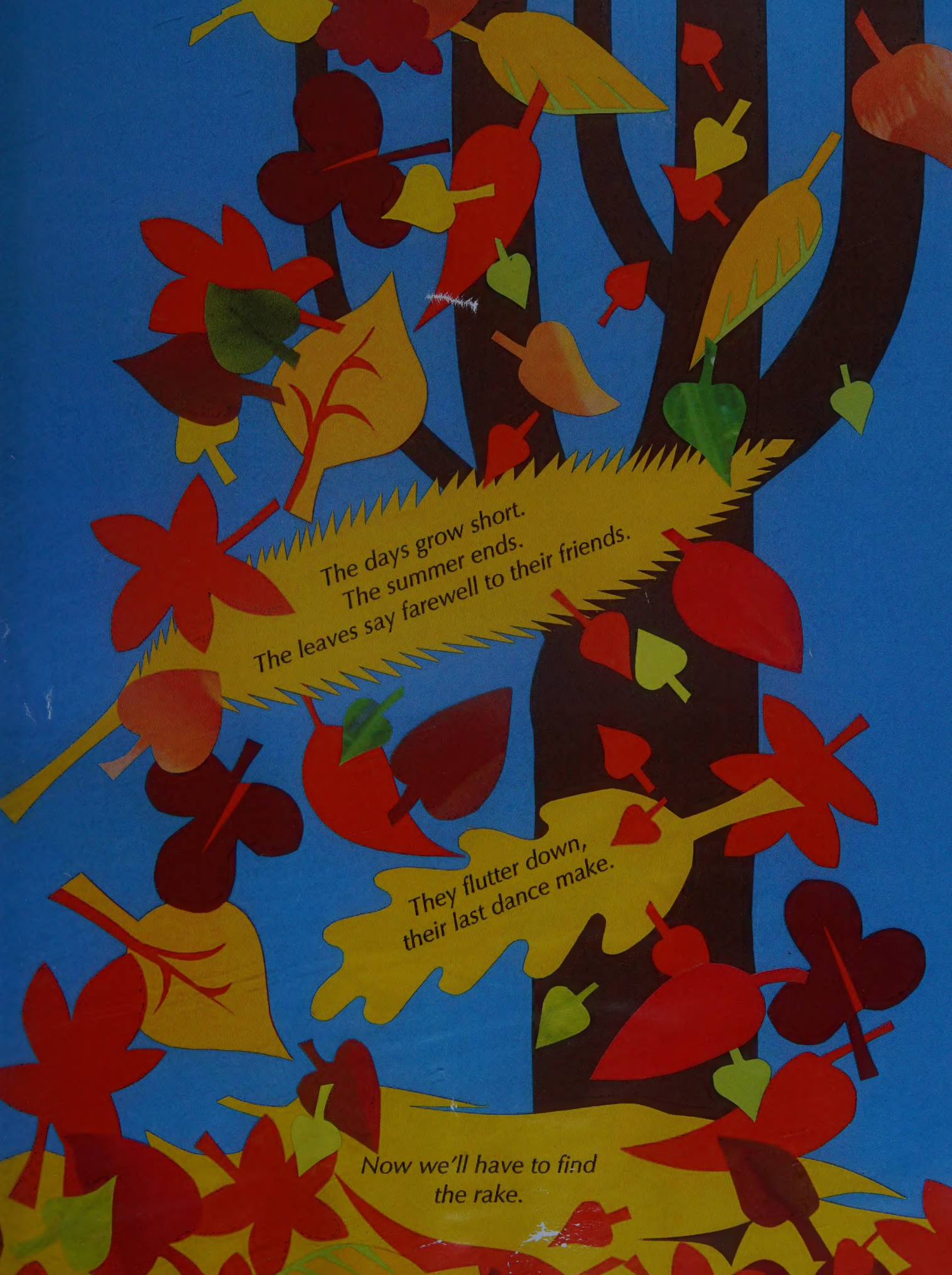
That was a
wasp that
just flew in.
He wasn't
wearing a
friendly grin.
Don't swat
or slap or
scream or
shout.
Just open
the door
and he'll
fly
back out.

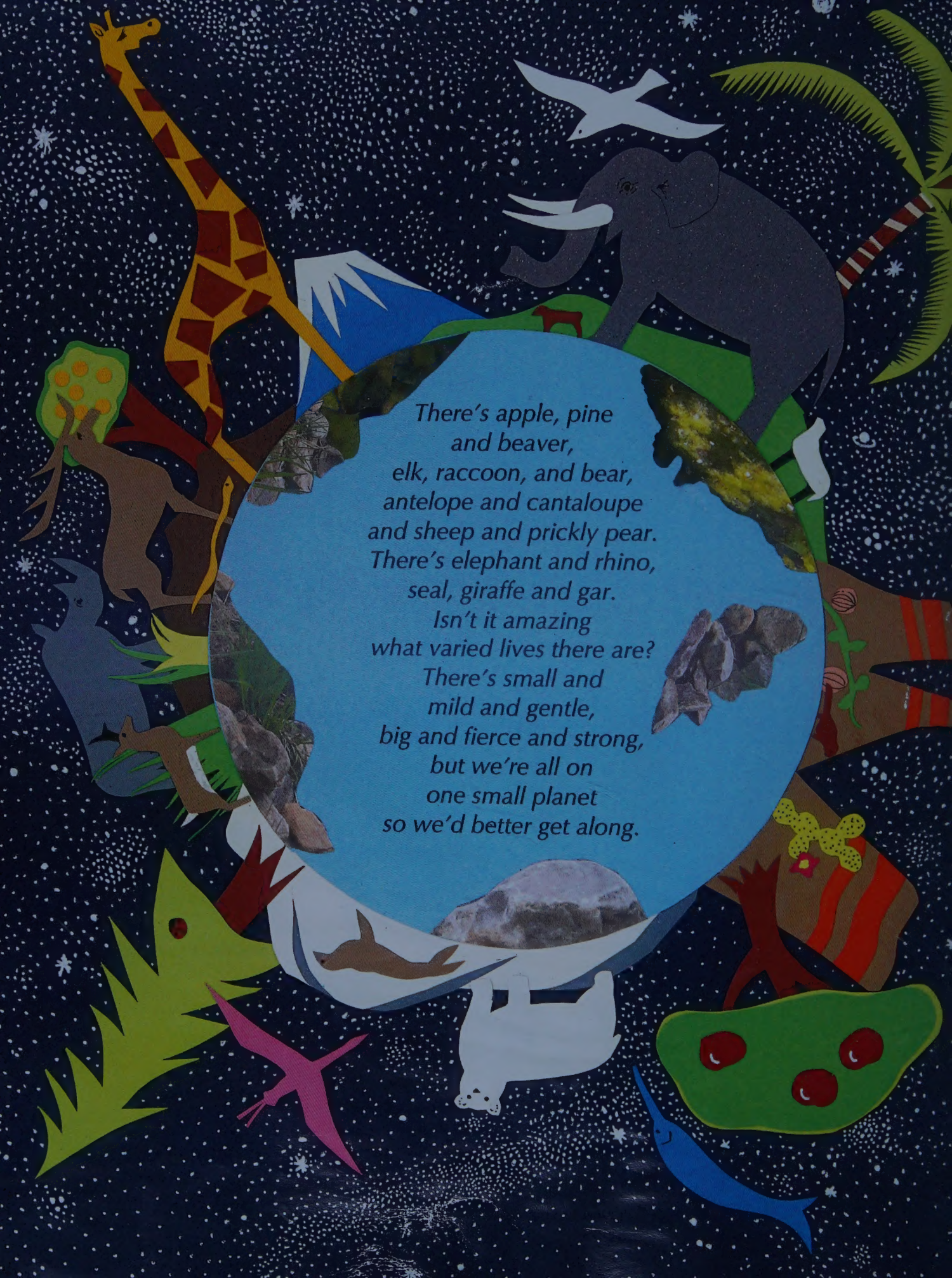
The graceful grasses
swaying
in the breezes
dance
with grace,
while their
roots,
like patient
quilters,
stitch the
waiting
earth in place.

Bug!
Slug!
"Ugh!" to me.
Bug!
Slug!
"Yummy!" to you.
It seems
that what
is tasty
depends
on your
point of view.


Sometimes I wish
that I could fly
on feathered wings
across the sky
and see the things
the eagle sees
above the clouds,
above the trees.
But other times
of rain and sleet
I'm glad I'm in
my house with heat.


If the chairs were made of sausages
and the mail truck made of cheese
and my nose became a carrot
every time I felt a sneeze
and I wore my sox on fingers
and my shoes upon my head
then I'd know that I was dreaming
and was safe asleep in bed.


The days grow short.
The summer ends.
The leaves say farewell to their friends.
They flutter down,
their last dance make.
Now we'll have to find
the rake.


There's apple, pine
and beaver,
elk, raccoon, and bear,
antelope and cantaloupe
and sheep and prickly pear.
There's elephant and rhino,
seal, giraffe and gar.
Isn't it amazing
what varied lives there are?
There's small and
mild and gentle,
big and fierce and strong,
but we're all on
one small planet
so we'd better get along.

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